

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, nor I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere, I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had bene visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hotsp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,
Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe,

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne:
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possesse
Of all our purposes: What say you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limbe lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to see the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To see so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottom, and the Soule of Hope,
The very Lift, the very vtmost Bound

Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and so wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.

We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.

Hotsp. A Rancorous, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Mischaunce looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had bene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuision: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.

And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:

For well you know, wee of the offering side,
Must keepe aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence

The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:
This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,

Before not dreame of.
Hotsp. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse:

It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,

If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To pass against the Kingdome: with his helpe,
We shall ore-turne it topsie-turvy downe:

Yet all goes well, yet all our ioyes are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke:
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.
Hotsp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn.

Hotsp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.
Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Comrades, that daft the World aside,

And bid it passe?
Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Edrighes, that with the Winde

Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls,
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,

His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,

As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

Hotsp. No more, no more,
Worte then the Sunne in March:
This praye doth nourish Agues: let them come.

They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:

The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit,
Vp to the eares in blood: I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprimall is so night.

And yet not ours: Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and nere part, till one drop downe a Coarse:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Vern. There is more newes: I saw him yesterday
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foure or five dayes.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.
Hotsp. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battailie reach vnto?
Vern. To thirty thousand, my Lord.

Hotsp. Forty let it be, my Lord:
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs, may serue to great a day.

Come, let vs take a muster speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merily.

Doug. Take not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or death's hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a
Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'll
to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?
Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.
Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it
make twentie, take them all, Ile answer the Coynage.

Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.
Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a
fow't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse dam-
nably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie

Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me
none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire
me out contracted Batchelers, such as had bene ask'd

twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,
as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as
feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck-Foole,

or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes
and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then
Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:

And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Cor-
porals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as
ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Glut-

tons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were
neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniu't Seruingmen, youn-
ger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and

Officers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and
long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged,
then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the

roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that
you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd
Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating

Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way,
and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the
dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile

not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay,
and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if
they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the molt of them

out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my
Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt to-
gether, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds

Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth,
holne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose
Inne-keeper of Dauntrey. But that's all one, they'll finde

Linnen enough on euery Hedge.
Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Lack*? how now Quilt?
Falst. What *Hal*? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill
do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of West-

merland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had al-
ready bene at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were
there, and you too: but my Powers are there already.
The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we must away
all to Night.

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to
steale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft
hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, *Lack*, whose
fellows are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, *Hal*, mine.
Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Pow-
der, foode for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better:
tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding
poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they
had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer
learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers
on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already
in the field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?
Westm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee shall stay too
long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begin-
ning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'll fight with him to Night.
Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.
Vern. Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?
Vern. So doe wee.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.
Wor. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.
Doug. You doe not counsaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.
Vern. Doe me no slander, *Douglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,

If well-respected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.
Doug. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.
Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are
That you fore-see not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your Vnckle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie
In generall journey bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.